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For the Cure of Kidney and Liver Com-

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Lowell, Mass., March 25, I884.

Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.

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The stomach and other organs seemed to sympa thize with it and to have lost all power of action

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less. In the fall a friend advised me to try KEN. NEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY, and although

opposed to patent medicines, I made the trial. To make a long story short, FAVORITE REMEDY

may save you or yours from pain and death.

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state of his blood, an ugly scrofulous swelling

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rible itching of the skin, with burning and

darting pains through the lump, made life

almost intolerable. The leg became enor-

mously enlarged, and running ulcers formed,

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RILLA, which allayed the pain and irritation,

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We have Mr. LELAND's permission to invite

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Mr. LELAND's extensive knowledge of the

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Barton Landing, Vt., Dec. 17th, 1883.

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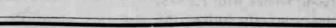
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right away than anything else in the world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address True & Co., Augusta, Maine.

much valuable information.



How Long Will It Last? Lights from the windows are gleaming and glancing Music and laughter are echoing near, lave where the twain move apart from the dancing Uttering vows each was longing to hear. Tender his tones, in their low modulation, Timidly downward her glances are cast, Eyes matched with sapphire, cheeks with carna Fair is the picture; How long will it last?

Think when old time, of all jokers the grimmest, Whitens the tresses and furrows the brow, Changing the forms that are lithest and slimmest, Will your affections be steady as now? True that to-day, in its ardent devotion. Love takes no heed of the future or past-Curbing and checking the tide of emotion, Prudence should whisper, How long will it last All were in vain, though the caution be needed, Prudence is ne'er the companion of youth; assion for aye leaves unnoticed, unheeded, Warnings of wisdom and promptings of truth-Forging the fetters that bind them together Gilding the hours that are flying so fast; Careless of sunlight or stormiest weather,

Love never questions: How long will it last? Where Are You Going, Young

Man? Vhere are you going so fast, young man, Where are you going so fast, With the cup in your hand, and a flush

Though pleasure and mirth may accompany t tells of a sorrow to come by and by; tells of a pang that is sealed with a sigh; tells of a shame at last, young man-

A withering shame that will last.

Where are you going so fast, young man? Where are you going so fast? In the flush of that wine there is only a bait-A curse lies beneath that you'll find when too lat A serpent sleeps down in the depths of that cup; A monster is there that will swallow you up; A sorrow you'll find at last, young man-In wine there is sorrow at last,

There's a reckoning day to come, young man; A reckoning day to come, A life yet to live, and a death yet to die, A sad, parting tear and a sad, parting sigh A journey to take, and a famishing heart, A sharp pang to feel from Death's chilling dart; A curse if you drink that rum, young man, The bitterest curse in that rum.

Over the Mountains

Many times we have toiled until weary, And our hearts have oft moistened the sod Is a rest for the people of God. We may pass through the wilderness tangle, We may walk through the desert alone, But we see the bright signal from Beulah And we know that God sits on His throne

It is sometimes a wearisome journey When the loved ones have passed from our sid When our hearts reaching outward for comfort. Find the wilderness dreary and wide. Then, disheartened, our footsteps oft falter And our sighs are borne far on the wind, While forgetting that just over Beulah Is the rest which the victors shall find

All the desert shall blossom with roses, The sweet lily shall rise from the sod As we climb to the mountains of Beulal On our way to the mountains of God. Then with gladness and songs of rejoicing. Like the eagle our spirits shall soar, For just over the mountains of Beulah There is sorrow and sighing no more

There is peace in the glory-lit valley Where the Prince and His martyrs have gon-Stands the sepulchre open, deserted, But the angel still beckons us on. The pathway is bordered with blossom Which smile where His blessed feet trod And the signal which waves upon Beulah Points a rest to the people of God.

"Come in out of the wet!" as the shar said when he swallowed the boy. I-I-I-think I should like a testament but I know I should like a squirt-gun." Gossip is said to be the art of putting wo and two together, and making five

"Ma, what is revenge?" "It is when our father scolds me, and I hit him with

preparation in the world for stomach difficulties, as well as of the Liver and other organs. I am glad to say it is in general use among the R. R. men in this vicinity.

Yours, etc., A. J. GIFFORD.

Mr. Gifford is the Master Mechanic of the Lowell division of the Boston & Lowell Railroad, and his illness and recovery are known to mean the "The leopard cannot change his spots. He doesn't need to. The leopard is not illness and recovery are known to many who can testify to the facts in his letter. Use this medicine for all diseases of the Blood, a candidate for office.

When a man and woman are made one, the question, "Which one?" is a bothersome one until it is settled, as it soon is. The man who sang, "Oh, breathe no more that simple air," at sace retired to the smoking car, where the air was more

"The oldest inhabitant is usually man," says an exchange. But it needn't be so if women would stand up to their

Sugar is selling at two cents a pound in many places in Cuba, and the question arises what do the grocers adulterate the A man who was ill insisted that he was

going to die. After his recovery they ask if he really thought he was going to die. 'I knew I was," he replied. She had false teeth and false hair, but

she was rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed and sweet tempered, and her lover said; "With all thy false, I love thee still." A Montana Indian is named Woman-

shoes. He had seen a Chicago girl's feet is she rode on a mule, and he knew at once that he found a great name. On an occasion when her grandfather in his haste forgot to ask the blessing, Dot called out, "Whoa! whoa! Papa Willard, back up and say your prayers." Some D. D. has advised young writers

for the press to write always with a noble purpose. Jones says he always does. His purpose is ten dollars a column. When a real shrewd Virginia farmer wants a big tree chopped down and cut up, he tells the neighbors that there's a coon in it, and they'll have it down in no

"Now, then, Patrick," said the merchant to his new office boy, "suppose you go for the mail." "Yis, sor; an' what kind of male wud ye be wantin', Indian male or oat male?"

Farmer (concealing a whip)-"Come here, Charlie: I want to tell you something." Charlie-"Tell it to somebody else; my pa says there are some things little boys oughtn't to know."

"I tell you, Bill, no girl can fool If I call on a girl and she don't say much and acts like she wants me to leave, and don't shake hands when I leave, and don't ask me to call again, it's very seldom I ever call back to see her."

Oliver Wendell Holmes says that there is nothing in the world tenderer than the lies that feeling, sir. If I could not pity that a kind-hearted young girl has for a young man that feels lonely. Oliver should have felt of the young man's head before making this statement. A good story is told of Artemus Ward.

when traveling on a slow-going southern road soon after the war. When the conductor was punching his ticket Artemus remarked: "Does this railroad company allow passengers to give advice, if they do so in a respectful manner?" The conductor replied in gruff tones that he guessed so. "Well," Artemus went on. "it occurred to me it would be well to detach the cow-catcher from in front of the engine, and hitch it to the rear of the train. For, you see, we are not linble to overtake a cow; but what's to prevent a cow strolling into this car and bit-

A Retired Burglar.

"Yes, I am pleased to see you, and you can take my career for a text if that is your object in visiting me; but you are not at liberty to mention my name. You can call me Jack for short. You see I have notoriety enough. Your article may be valueless without my name. Very sorry, indeed, but the talker in this case must only be known to the talkee."

There was no way of evading these terms, and they were accepted with thanks.

"How is it that my English is so good? Then you do observe a difference between my English and that of most men of my profession? I am glad this is the case. I had education; in fact, I was intended for the ministry. You laugh, my friend. assure you it was only a feather's weight that decided my vocation. My mind was of a studious, philosophical and scientific cast. I got into a fog about free-will and predestination, and there I stuck. I was impossible for me to preach either doctrine, and I certainly was bound to commit myself to one or the other. There was still another obstacle in my path. It was this. I was born with an overweening desire for the unattainable."

This was certainly a poetic way of getting round the eighth commandment, and the writer's respect increased prodigiously.

"I was so constituted," the speaker proceeded, "that I could not care which was within my reach. Now, the world, neither was I responsible for the law of heredity. It was a great deal safer to address a cultivated audience twice a Sunday, and make a few pastoral calls during the week, than to climb into a man's house in the dead of the night, and creep into his bedroom and walk off with his pocket book and diamond studs. I studied theology with the best old man that ever lived, and he considered me a brilliant and hopeful disciple, but I spent three weeks planning to rob him-to rob him artistically, I mean. I could have done this without suspicion at any time, for the whole house was open to me.

But the things I coveted were not valuable to me until they were locked up. This desire was stronger than life and stronger than death, for I risked death many a time to accomplish it. I could not believe that it had been predestinated from the beginning of things that my career was to be that of a burglar, and I knew that I was not a free agent. You can

comprehend my dilemma." This was plausible though the treatment of the subject, it was observed. was somewhat new, as well as a trifle

"Yes," was the calm response. You have become accustomed certain terms, certain modes and forms of expression, and you do not know how to get outside of them. Most men are like you."

"Are you willing to tell me your mode of attack—so to speak—or did you enter houses like other-"

"Burglars. Do not be afraid of the word. I think my methods were original if not unique, though as I never had any dealings with men of my profession, I may be arrogating too much."

"You never had a companion, a pal? Was never a member of any

"Never, and my contempt of thieves was probably as great as your own. I had no wish for such society. convicted I had as good a name as any other man. A house that was easy to enter I always passed by, for, as I told you, I cared only for the unattainable. My tools could all be carried in one pocket. When I had such work in hand I always dressed myself scrupulously. The professional burglar can never be for a gentleman, for he looks like the tramp he is. My linen was invariably immaculate, my boots were well blacked, and my whole appearance unexceptionable. I should have blushed to rob a man in old clothes.

"And you were never caught but "Only once, though I had one two hair breadth escapes. One these was when I attempted to a house on the Hudson, said to be as mpregnable as a fortress. It took three hours of the hardest work I ever did to effect an entrance, and after I had succeeded in doing so. found, to my great chagrin, that I dropped upon the table, strike a digdid not feel at home." "Feel at home? that is funnier

than all the rest." "A great psycological truth under- I turned, and this time met an old hold my head up in a man's dining room or library, and feel in a large and comfortable sense like the proprietor, I was in danger. In the house I have mentioned I was indeed a cat in a strange garret. But, like other fools, I ignored the warning and proceeded to investigate. I had

"I never was very much afraid of will have to be here very soon now. man. This woman was as calm as vou see,' he added as I followed his mer morning, for it was then nearly got interested in a book and forgot dyne, tonic or alterative.

not gone far when a door softly open-

ed, and a woman met me upon the

"But you were not afraid of a wo-

3 o'clock. 'What do you want?' she about the time. I am thankful that asked, coolly. I glanced into the I did, and now how are you, old boy?" room and saw that she was alone. 'What do you think I want?' I re- life which no words can ever describe. plied. 'If you did not look so much I made up my mind if I got out of like a gentleman,' she answered, 'I this house with my real character unshould of course think you had come suspected, that I would kill myself to rob us.' 'Thank you for the compliment,' said I; 'but where is your husband?' 'He is in Toronto,' she responded. 'Perhaps you bring bad news of him?' 'Oh, no madam,' I sition and everything else save my answered, reassuringly; 'but it cannot be possible that your husband hand. He told me that he was a tuleaves you alone in this great house?' | tor in the millionaire's family, and By no means; my servants are all was perfectly happy in his vocation. within call,' was the suspicious re- He offered me wine and I drank it. sponse. 'But will you not be seated?' He gave me a cigar, and I lit it, and she added, politely. Now, I never tried my best to keep it glowing, struck, abused or insulted a woman but the fire went out repeatedly. in my life, and the most dishearten- Once I had a wild thought of telling ing feature of my self-imposed employment was that I was sometimes house and throwing myself upon his compelled to frighten these tender mercy and generosity, but I could and susceptible creatures. I took a not do it. To watch that man's face seat near the door, so that my companion could not possibly give the alarm, and she sat down on the other

side of a large center table, and as

she did so I distinctly heard the click

of a pistol. She had cocked the pis-

tol and was ready for me. This incident happened at the height of the Beecher trial in Brooklyn. That woman was game, and I knew she would never let me leave those premises without a spunky attempt for my apprehension. Most of my surprises have come from women, but I was never so utterly dumbfounded as when this one asked me for the latest news in the Beecher for anything, however beautiful, trial. I have tried to show you that only a small part of my nature was really burglarious, and that in all other respects I was a gentleman. When I found that this woman was alone, I would no more have placed a hand on any of her possessions than I would have cut my own throat. There were two reasons for this. The first I hope was my innate respect for women in general, and my great admiration for this woman in particular, and next was because of the one predominant trait of character which made everything valueless which was not obtained by the hardest work. I could have taken this woman's little toy away from her

and locked her into her room with the greatest case, and I would not have hurt a hair of her head; but such a tussie would have been unmanly and ridiculous. So I answered her inquiries as politely as I could, and now comes the part which will doubtless seem incredible to your practical mind. I became so inter- for me. I was caught in the act of ested in this singular conversation that a whole hour passed without my | first and last attempt at a bank rob

being aware of it. My hostess"-a curious smile flitted across the ex-burglar's serene countenance as he uttered this word -"was talented, refined, well-informed. She regarded the matter from a standpoint which was always fascinating to me-that of philosophy and precedent. She was analytical, and I discovered in the course of the conversation that she was a close psyglorious intentions entirely, and was only recalled to the object of my visit when my companion, with the dash of a gazelle running away from a rifle, threw up the window, and screamed at the top of her voice. I heard the rumbling of a wagon, and the shouts of men, and had only time enough to escape through the back door into the woods. I take off

my hat-metaphorically-to that woman a dozen times times a day. I told you the narrative would seem incredible, but notwithstanding my past career, which probably apand up to the time I was caught and pears to you allied to every other weakness and wickedness, I am not

here since 11, waiting for Mr .---.

have a glass of wine with me.

and never was a liar. One experience I will recount before I make the application of the sermon you are to preach for me. had resolved to rob the house of one of our millionaires. This had been attempted several times by others and their failure was, as usual, an inspiration to me. So I dressed my- is dead. I have found out that there self in my best clothes, took my lit- is a moral as well as a physical scroftle tools and started one dark night ula, and if a single precedent had about 12 o'clock. It was nearly 2 been established whereby I could before I got in, and here, as in the have made known my sickness to other house I have told you about, I did not feel at home. I was an deal with it, I might have been cured. alien and a stranger. The sound of When a man afflicted with moral my own footsteps made my heart beat audibly. But I was a fool again and did not fly as I should have done. I had lighted the gas in the dining from blood scrofula, then, and not room, and was about to reconnoiter when I heard a quick step, and in an instant a man was upon me. I had time to seize my hat, which I had nified attitude, and await developments. 'Well,' said the man rather sharply, 'what do you want?' chum of mine, whom I had not seen bestir herself. for fifteen years. 'Why,' he exclaimed, calling me by name and extending his hand cordially, 'what in the world brings you here at this time of night?" 'I am delighted to see you,' I responded in perfect good

I haven't, perhaps, given you much that is sensational, but you are quite welcome to it, and I wish you would use your influence and your pen-it it has a good point-in behalf of those who are morally sick. Come faith, 'and I don't wonder you say again." this time of night. But I have been There was food for thought in this

strange sermon, and as it was receivcalling the millionaire by name. ed it is given again .- Elanor Kirk.

'And he is not in yet,' my companion replied. 'Come into the library and the summer night, or rather the sum- lead with my heart in my mouth, 'I will have to take, whether it be ano-

There are some moments in a man's

as soon as I reached home. My old friend's delight at seeing me distressed me, and for a few moments I forgot the danger of my pounworthiness to grasp a good man's him the nature of my errand to the as I sank lower and lower in his es timation was a process I could not bear. No, I must get out of it in some way. My companion listened occasionally as the sound of wheels was heard, showing that his employer was expected in a carriage. I lis tened for wheels also, and if you are possessed of imagination you can form some idea of my state of mind. At last the clatter of horses' hoofs

drew very near. There was a halt. the quick closing of a gate, and my friend rose and went to the window. 'Mr. - has come at last,' he said. My companion's back was turned for a moment, and I took a quick advantage of the fact and hurried out of the room. Once out of his presence fear and shame lent me wings and I reached the back window which I had entered, to hear the voice of

to victimize close beside me. ·You had better give Kate som water,' he told his coachman: and as he spoke I could have reached out my hand and touched his sleeve. But I kept in the shadow and as soon as the coast was clear I took myself out

the millionaire whom I had intended

"And you did not kill yourself?" "No. Once safe, the old love of life returned, and the keenness of my shame soon became blunted. If were not for this dulling process this world would consist of graves and lunatic asylums only."

"And you were at last caught and sentenced. You did not serve whole

time, I believe?" "Scarcely half. Good behavio and paralysis opened the prison doors robbing a safe in a bank. It was my bery. I never stepped upon so un homelike a scene as this was. Th atmospherè of the place was entirely new to me. I had never had a bank book, never been a president or a de faulting cashier, and I tried to con vince myself that this was the caus of the strangeness. But it was the old warning, and it served me right that I did not recognize it. A night watchman and a policeman swooped chometric student. I forgot my in- down upon me, and the result, as you know, was a sentence of ten years' hard labor in state prison. came out in less than five, a whitehaired decrepit man; old before my time, with nothing pleasant to look back upon, and no chance of contentment or usefulness in the future."

"If you were in good health, what do you think would be the chances of your continuing your old occupa-

"I often ask that question myself. but I have never answered it. The old Adam might be strong within me if I were as well as formerly. It does not seem so, however; though with my experience to refer to, it would be very illogical for me to predict anything of a healthy condition from a diseased one. I feel at times that that in case the steam should fail the my shame and remorse are genuine emotions, and that the old longing

"For the unattainable-" some soul physician wise enough to scrofula can consult a physician for that disease with as much freedom and as little shame as a man suffering till then will the ranks of evil be thinned. The role of heredity obtained in my case, and I know the source of the taint. But to speak of it was to confess myself defiled, and beyond the pale of human sympathy and respect. The time must come when a moral disease will be no more of disgrace than physical sickness. Both are entailed, and science should

Nature is very much like a shiftless

child, who, the more he is helped the

WONDERFUL RAILROADING. Much has been written about th construction of the mountain divisions of the Rio Grande; travellers

have marvelled at the four per cent grades and the 15° curvative of the remarkable narrow-gauge railroad which penetrates the most rugged canons and climbs the loftiest mountain ranges of the Rockies. But no body has ever well described the wonderful little feeder of the Leadville division, which modestly leaves the main line in Brown's canon and as cends the mountain gulches to th east with the steepest grades and the heaviest curves in the world that are overcome with the ordinary drivewheel locomotive. Afar up in this range of mountains, seven miles a way, and nearly 3000 feet higher than the bed of the canon, is the famous Calumet mine, from which is taken the hematite iron ore that keeps in blast the furnaces of the Besseme works at Pueblo. Every morning of the year a ponderous locomotive and a small train of cars toils up the steep and every afternoon they make th perilous descent to the valley, loaded with iron, with the steam brakes or the cars, the water pressure on the locomotive drivers, and a man stand-

ing at the brake-wheel of each car. This is the most wonderful piece of railroading in the universe. Th maximum grade is 406 feet to the mile, or nearly 8 qer cent, and the maximum curvative 25°. The terminal of the branch is half a mile higher than the commencement. Imagine, then, the difficulty of ascending with loaded ones. Still, strange though it may seem, a locomotive cannot make the descent unless at least five cars are attached. The lat ter are essential to provide the resist ing power for the steam brakes. The trip up is snailish, the return is rapid in spite of the steam pressure which cuts the car-wheels into sparks that fly out in a constant stream from the brakes, in spite of the water-brake on the locomotive drive-wheels. Some years ago, when the operation

of the line was commenced, runaway accidents were of almost daily occur rence. The seven miles were within a brief period strewn with the wrecks of cars and locomotives and iron ore. The most discouraging results attended the persistent efforts to make the line serve the purpose for which it was constructed. Day after day control over the descending train would be lost; some defect would interfere with the working of the steam break; and, even with the brake in success ful operation, the train would take a crazy notion and go flying down the mountain sides, along the brinks of fearful precipices; through the rock-bound gullies and around the acute curves like a bolt of lightning. The train hands would leap for life and then the locomotives and cars would be dashed into fragments. In all these accidents, however, nobody was hurt. Thousands and thousands of dollars' worth of rolling stock is said to have been destroyed before successful system of operation was established. Only a very few of the higher officials of the Rio Grande realize how terrible was the experience of these rides, and it is told of two of them who once summoned up suffi cient curiosity and courage to make the journey, they were so frightened that they hung on to the steps of the caboose, expecting every moment to

have to leap for life. Finally, extremely heavy locomotives were built, and a force of exceptionally brave trainmen were secured The latter were instructed cling to their post at every hazard and to never flinch in the moment of danger. Not a serious accident has been recorded since. Starting from the mine every brake is manned, so train could be cheeked. While there have been several runaways, in two years there has not been a wreck. The sight of one of these trains de-"Thank you-for the unattainable | scending is one of thrilling interes the sparks from the car wheels cutting a pathway of light down the mountains, which can be best de scribed as having the appearance of a molten stream of fire rolling down to the river bed of the canon.

In Switzerland, there are grades as steep as these of the Calume branch, but they are equipped for operation with the cable and cog-

PRESIDENT JACKSON'S EAR-LY CAREER.

Born in such obscurity that it doubtful to this day whether he wa born in South Carolina, as he himsel claimed, or on the North Carolins side of the line as Mr. Parton thinks he had a childhood of poverty and ignorance. He was taken prisoner as a mere boy during the Revolution. and could never ferget that he had been wounded by a British officer whose boots he had refused to brush. Afterward, in a frontier community, he was successively farmer, shop-keeper, law student, lawyer, district attorney, judge, and Congressman, being first Represenative from Tennessee, and then Senator, and all before the age of thirtyone. In Congress Albert Gallatin describes him as "a tall, lank, uncouth-looking personage, with long locks of hair hanging over his brows and face, and a Queue down his back tied in an eel-skin; his dress singular, his manners and deportment those of Thomas' Oil can be purchased of any druggist.

a backwoodsman." He remained. however, but a year or two in all at Philadelphia-then the seat of national government-and afterward became a planter in Tennessee, fought duels, subdued Tecumseh and the Creek Indians, winning finally the great opportunity of his life by being made a Major-General in the United States army on May 31, 1814. He now had his old captors, the British, with whom to deal, and entered into work with a relish. By way of preliminary he took Pensacola, without any definite authority, from the Spaniards, to whom it belonged, and the English whom they harbored; and then returned, without orders, without support, and without supplies, to undertake the defense of New Or-

Important as was this city, and plain as it was that the British threatened it the national authorities had done nothing to defend it. The impression prevailed at Washington that it must already have been taken, but that the President would not let it be known. The Washington Republican of January 17, 1815, said, "That Mr. Madison will find it convenient and will finally determine to abandon the State of Lousiana we have not a doubt." A New York newspaper of January 30, quoted in Mr. Andrew Stevenšon's enlogy on Jackson, said, "It is the general opinion here that the city of New Orleans must fall." Apparently but one thing averted its fall-the energy aud will of Andrew Jackson. On his own responsibility he declared martial law, impressed soldiers, seized powder and supplies. built fortifications of cotton bales, if nothing else came to hand. When the news of the battle of New Orleans came to the seat of government it was almost too bewildering for belief. The British veterans of the Peninsular war, whose march wherever they had landed had heretofore seemed a a holiday parade, were repulsed in a manner so astounding that the loss was more than two thousand, while that of the Americans was but thirteen. By a single stroke the national selfrespect was restored; and Henry Clay, at Paris, said, "Now I can go to England without mortification."-Harper's Magazine.

IS THERE A BETTER WAY? I'm very sorry for every over-burdened and weary worker in this broad land. It does seem as if some method might be devised whereby work might be more easily managed than at present, and more accomplished with the same outlay of strength. I am inclined to think that the first wrong step is in the home training of girls and boys. We make the path as smooth as possible for our children; we shield them from cares and duties while young; and when they reach mature age they are but ill fitted for the burdens they must bear. This is especially true of our girls. We educate them in book lore, music, etc., but not for the real work of life. Many are educated to be teachers, and, after a year or two of what they style that kind of "drudgery," they launch forth in the barque of matrimony without any previous outfit of knowledge for the voyage. Consequently there is many a wretched home and wrecked life, and they find this a worse drudgery than the other, because there it no easy way of escape. I do not think there would be so many over-burdened women, if they were in girlhood taught to work, and the best way in which to do it. Another thing our girls should be taught is that not every man of good address is really a good and true man. Woman's ideal of a lover and marriage is too much of the story-book kind, and that is, when once married all trouble will be over, when many

a time it begins only then.

Our boys are not taught restraint. Fond mothers see in them no faults. They humor and wait on them, and, of course, they expect the same adoration when in a home of their own. Why is it wrong to bring up our girls so that they will make good, helpful wives, and our boys so that they will be kind, loving husbands? Bring them up to discern good from bad, right from wrong; in fact, bring them up to be burden-barrers in the journey of life, and useful ones, too. Education in school or college seems to be the one great thing that parents are striving for, for their children. Yes, give them a good common school education, give them books and papers, but during all teach them to work. I think investigation would prove many of these over-burdened wives to have been girls who were tenderly brought up, and who did not have to depend on themselves or to have any decision of character. There are women who command so much respect that men do them homage without knowing it. Overbearing men are very apt to choose the meek and kindly girls who do not stand up for their opinions; but I believe the average man thinks nore of a woman who has a mind of her own, independent of his, and who doesn't bow to him and his will without a protest. I know I am treading on dangerous ground, and may be rural sisters will be ready to wield the pen against my expressed views, but never mind, for it is by the change of thoughts that we grow wise .-Aunt Mollie in the Rural New Yorker.

Thunder it down the ages, that for lameness, for aches, for pains, and for sprains Dr. Thomas' Ecectric Oil is a positive and reliable remedy. Dr.